

The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play.
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Politically Independent—Open to all Parties—Controlled by None.

VOL. 1.

STE. GENEVIEVE, THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1873.

NO. 45.

Selected Miscellany.

The Sleepy Little Sister.

BY GEORGINA MCNEIL.

I sat, one evening, watching
A little golden head
That was nodding o'er a picture book;
And pretty soon I said,
"Come, darling, you are sleepy,
Don't you want to go to bed?"
"No," she said, "I can't sleep,
But can't hold up my head."
"Just now, it feels so heavy,
There isn't any use;
Do let me lay it down to rest
On dear old Mother Goose!
I can't shut my eyes at all,
And so you need not fear;
I'll keep 'em open, all the while,
To see this picture here."

And then, as I said nothing,
She settled for a nap;
One curl was resting on the frill
Of the old lady's cap;
Her arms embraced the children small
Inhabiting the shoe;
"Oh dear," thought I, "what shall I say?
For this will never do."

I sat a while in silence,
Till the clock struck its "ding, ding,"
And then I went around and kissed
The cunning little thing.
The violets unfolded
As I kissed her, and she said,
"I can't sleep, sister,
But I guess I'll go to bed."

MISS FOXWOOD.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Miss Foxwood was good looking.
There is no doubt whatever about
that. But uglier women had married,
and she had been bride's maid to
them too, and still she was Miss Fox-
wood.

Whether the gentlemen who fig-
ured in her letters to her friends as
having proposed to her, and having
been rejected, were myths; whether
they occupied the position in her life
that Mrs. Harris occupied in that of
Sairay Gamp; or whether she actually
had tortured so many estimable
gentlemen with the stings of unre-
quitted passion, her most intimate
friends could not be sure. But, as
they said, why Sally Ann Foxwood
should reject such good offers passed
their comprehension; for Sally Ann
never pretended to be sentimental,
and owned to being at her wit's ends
for money; and Sallie Ann had glid-
ed from the twenties to the thirties,
and would be over the forties, as one
dread friend remarked, very soon in-
deed, "as if she did not care."

Meanwhile Sallie Ann took all the
care she could. She sang sentimental
songs, and made big eyes at every
man she met. She neglected noth-
ing unmarried that wore hat and
boots, from boys in jackets to old
men in wigs. "Her eyes looked love
to eyes that" did not "look love
again." But all did not go merry as
a marriage bell.

At first Miss Foxwood had been
particular about looks, position and
money. Then she would have had
any manner of man, as far as out-
ward form went, if he possessed po-
sition and money. Now she had
given up position. It was anybody
with money—anybody, no matter
who. She still sang her favorite
song:

"I cannot give my hand
Where my heart can never go,"
with emphasis, and with a roll of
the eye toward the masculine who
turned the music. But when she first
sang it, she had had an idea that her
heart might be the victim of a pair of
fine whiskers some day, and now she
knew she had no heart to give any
one. She had flitted it away in little
bits until it was all gone.

So was the little money her moth-
er had left her. Miss Foxwood had
actually made up her mind to adver-
tise for a husband, and take any-
thing that offered, when there came
into the boarding-house in which she
was located an old gentleman, stout,
red faced, gouty, hot-tempered, and
rolling in gold. That is, the land-
lady said he was rolling in gold—a
figurative expression that suggests
an unlimited supply of cash, and a
sort of Fortunatus purse always in
waistcoat pocket. Miss Foxwood
"went for him." Who can keep out
of slang in these degenerate days?
Miss Foxwood "went for him" at
once.

She sang the divine songs; she
rolled the divine eyes; she smiled; she
fanned herself; she expressed fine
sentiments. She professed to scorn

beardless youth, and to admire men
in their prime—about seventy. And
Mr. Gaspard, who had a young heart
in his old bosom—who had always
liked fine women, and who had been
kept a bachelor by cruel fortune, who
had only dispensed her blessings af-
ter he was in what Miss Foxwood
called his prime—saw a fine woman
evidently smitten with him, posses-
sed himself of the idea that she was
an angel, "courted her with brooch
and ring," and finally popped the
question in Mrs. Timpkins' back par-
lor, with Mrs. Timpkins' housemaid
listening at the key-hole—a fact of
which, of course, neither Miss Fox-
wood nor Mr. Gaspard were aware.

"And says she," said Maggie, re-
hearsing the scene to Mrs. Timpkins,
"Lo! Mr. Gaspard," says she,
"this is so unexpected," says she.
"Not unwelcome, I hope," says he.
Says she, "How kin it be," says she,
"when it comes from one like you?"
Then I dropped the brooch, and run
away."

And curious Mrs. Timpkins spy-
ing a diamond ring on Miss Fox-
wood's taper finger, after a few days
made up her mind that her maid-ser-
vant had not spoken falsely.

Miss Foxwood was engaged to Mr.
Gaspard. She had promised to mar-
ry him in three weeks.

He, for his part, was delighted with
his promised bride, and wore his hat
very much on one side, and assumed
a youthful and jaunty gait, in the de-
light he felt at his own success. He
believed that all the men at the table
—little Simpkins the drygoods
clerk, Tappan the law student, the Mr.
Holdfast, and Charles, Mrs. Timp-
kins' sixteen-year-old nephew en-
vied him from their souls.

Could he have known how Miss
Foxwood had sung, "Oh, believe me,
if all those endearing young charms,"
to Simpkins, so evidently meaning
his, Simpkins' charms; had he known
how Tappan had had need of his le-
gal knowledge to evade a case of
breach of promise, and how the Rev.
Robin Holdfast, a meek young cler-
gyman, dreadfully afraid of women,
had been almost proposed to out and
out by the despairing Sally Ann; had
he seen the look of curl culled from
his tresses by Charley Timpkins, for
the same lady's wearing in a locket,
he would have been a sadder but a
wiser man. And oh, had he read the
letter, the dreadful letter written by
Sally Ann to her Aunt Maria, on the
night of her engagement! But you,
dear reader, shall see it:

"DEAR AUNT: You told me, when
we last met, that it was high time I
made my market. I acknowledge
the truth of your suggestion. I've
done it. I'm engaged!"

"Dear me, when I look back and
think how very much I did fan-
cify myself smitten by young Hol-
brook, a big blonde fellow with Eng-
lish whiskers; and then there was
Captain Craik, with his black eyes
and dashing way. I used to say I'd
only marry a handsome man, and now
—Well, if you could only see him.
He is fat enough to roll. You can
just see him. He is all muffer and
umbrella and overshoes. He has the
gout now and then. He has never
been good looking; and now he's
seventy. No matter; he is very
rich; and dreadfully spoony about
me. He shall take me to Europe,
and hang diamonds all over me.
And he sha'n't make his will so that
I can never marry again, if I know
it. I shall live like a queen. Do
send me either my wedding-dress, or
money to get one with. Daddy Gas-
pard shall pay it back some day. If
you don't or can't, I'm sure I don't
know what I shall do. And you
ought to be glad enough to do it,
instead of having me quartered on
you for life."

When Miss Foxwood had written
thus far, she made a great blot, which
forced her to copy the letter before
she could dispatch it to her aunt.
But all that followed were the usual
affectionate niece and the signature.
Sometimes Satan deserts his friends
in their greatest need. I am sorry
to say his majesty must have behav-

ed thus to poor Sally Ann at this
moment, else what could have im-
pelled her to thrust the blotted letter
into her portfolio instead of tearing
it up?

She did it, however, and the copy
was sent, and by return of mail came
a reply.

Aunt Maria summoned her niece
to her presence, and promised an out-
fit. And in great glee, Miss Fox-
wood bade a temporary adieu to
her betrothed lover, and went off to
her aunt's, promising to return in a
week at farthest.

It was midnight. The house of
Timpkins slept. Suddenly there
came a sound to break the silence.
What was it? What could it be?
Cannon? An earthquake? A comet's
tail? The English bombarding the
city? Mrs. Timpkins and boarders
appeared in shawls, dressing gowns,
water proof cloaks, and even blank-
ets. All were there but Mr. Gaspard,
and howls came from that gentle-
man's room. Mrs. Timpkins pro-
duced her keys. None fitted the
door. Charley Timpkins.

"Poor dear!" cried the ladies.
"Anything the matter?" cried the
gentlemen.

At this moment the door open. A
ghost in a counterpane hobbled out.
A cloud of white dust came with him.
The ceiling of Mr. Gaspard's room
had fallen, and a piece had hit his
gouty toe.

"It's a massy it warn't his neck or
his back, and him to be married so
soon," said the housemaid.

Mr. Gaspard heard the words;
they comforted him. After all, what
was one's toe when one's heart was
light with love?

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Gaspard.
It's that nasty landlord. I've show-
ed him that crack fifty times.
Where shall I put you? Oh, it's just
a lucky chance. Here is Miss Fox-
wood gone to her aunt's, and her
room empty. You can take that for
tonight, and to-morrow I'll fix the
back parlor, if I can't do better."

And the door of the vacant room
was unlocked, and Mr. Gaspard in
his counterpane toga entered, and
was seen no more, except when his
head emerged from the aperture of
the nearly closed door and he asked
for a match.

Shut in, locked in, he sat down in a
chair. His toe hurt him very much
but he forgot it. This then was her
room. Here she sat and dreamt of
him. Here she slept and dreamt of
him still. She had told him so.

"Ah, my dear girl," said Mr. Gas-
pard, who was genuinely in love in an
honest way that did him credit, "how
I will pet her; how I will try to
make her happy when she's mine.
They'll talk about May and January;
I know; but, bless my soul, it isn't
May or January, it's full bloom beau-
tiful August and ripe October. She
says I'm a very handsome man still.
I hope I'm not vain, but it's very
pleasant that she should think so."

There was such a beautiful fascina-
tion in the room that he could not
think of sleep. He walked about,
touching the little things that belong-
ed to the absent Miss Foxwood—her
work-basket, her knitting needles,
her inkstand. He found a mysteri-
ous white garment on a chair—a gar-
ment with ruffles on the wrists and at
the throat—and wondered, in mascu-
line ignorance, whether that might
not be her wedding dress. And then
he sat down at her desk and opened
her portfolio.

"Dear little soul!" said he, "I
wonder whether she ever writes
poetry? I mean to see."

And then it came into his mind
that if he found verses addressed to
himself, and written before she knew
he loved her, that he should be a very
happy man. Don't laugh at him.
This sort of thing comes to every one
some time. He had never been in
love before.

My friend, I am going to take you
out of the room now. You may see
him find that unlucky blotted letter
which lies within—the letter Miss
Foxwood wrote to her Aunt Maria—
but you sha'n't see my poor old Gas-

pard read it. He may be past youth,
he may have had a little vanity in his
honest heart, but he was a true man
and a true lover for all that. Come
away.

You remember the case of Fox-
wood versus Gaspard, don't you?
And how the beautiful plaintiff shed
tears in court, and how her lawyer
called the defendant, "a monster un-
worthy of the human form," and how
his love-letters were read aloud, and
how the fact that he called her
"his angel," "his pearl," "his night-
ingale," and his "own one," were
brought up against him; and how the
feelings of the injured angel were
valued at ten thousand dollars and
costs, by an admiring judge and jury.
Very well. Then you know the
end of my story.

**The Father, Son, and Son-in-
Law Killed.**

The wife of Dan Sutton, residing
in Hancock county, was an unloved
wife, her husband having left his
home and commenced living with a
disreputable female. To add, if pos-
sible, more torture to the wife and
mother's breast, her son, John Sut-
ton, went to reside with his father,
who at different times, as it checked
by no moral restraint, visited his
home and took much property from
there to the house of his female con-
sort. William Sutton who remained
with his mother, procuring a writ of
replevin, and accompanied by his
brother-in-law, Barnett, went to the
woman's house, and taking posses-
sion of a horse his father had taken
there, started to return.

William Sutton was fired at by his
father with a rifle; and now ensued a
scene scarcely equalled in the annals
of frenzied crime or the history of
meanness and guilt. Having missed his
mark, the father dropped his rifle,
and seizing an ax, rushed towards his
son-in-law, who vainly endeavored to
avoid the stroke of death. With an
arm nerve with madness the ax
was buried in the skull of Barnett,
who sunk quivering to the ground,
dying in a pool of blood. Not yet
satisfied with his awful death-work,
the father endeavored to plant the
bloodstained ax in the head of his
son, William Sutton. In order to
save his own life, William Sutton
drew his pistol and fired. With a
wild scream the father sprang for-
ward, the ax dropped from his nerve-
less hands, and he fell shot through
the heart. John Sutton, who was
living with his father, seized the dead
Barnett's pistol and commenced firing
at his brother William. The two
brothers—near enough to grasp each
other's hands—fought till every load
had been discharged, having no more
loads, they pommelled each other
over the head for some time with
their pistols, which they finally drop-
ped, and used their bowie knives.
Thus the two brothers fought, until
from loss of blood they sank ex-
hausted to the ground. John Sut-
ton had one of his hands almost
severed from the wrist and his chin
cut off by the knife of his brother
William, who, despite his severe
wounds managed to escape. At last
accounts John Sutton was supposed
to be dying.

The Cunning Cobbler.

A somewhat amusing incident is
told of a woman whose husband, a
wealthy man, died suddenly without
leaving a will. The widow desirous
of securing the whole of the property,
concealed her husband's death, and
persuaded a poor shoemaker to take
his place, when a will could be made.
Accordingly he was closely muffled
in bed, as if very sick, and a lawyer
was called in to write the will. The
shoemaker in a feeble voice, be-
queathed half of all the property to
the widow. "What shall be done
with the remainder?" asked the law-
yer. "Remainder," replied he "I give
and bequeath to the poor little shoe-
maker across the street, who has al-
ways been a good neighbor and a
dear friend; thus securing a
rich bequest for himself. The widow
was thunderstruck with the man's
audacious cunning, but did not dare
to expose the fraud, so two rogues
shared the estate.

The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play.

Notes of Advertising:
One square, 60 words, one insertion.....\$1.00
Each subsequent insertion.....50c
Business cards, 1 inch space, per year.....\$5.00
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the inch.
☞ All transient advertising must be
paid for in advance.
☞ Yearly advertisements payable quar-
terly in advance.

NOAH'S ARK.

A rifle company—A gang of
thieves.

What do little folks do before going
to sleep?—Shut their eyes.

Don't take too much interest in
the affairs of your neighbors. Six
per cent. will do.

An Iowa newspaper proprietor
has trained a large bull-terrier for
the position of fighting editor.

"Death from calling Bill Jackson a
liar," is reported as the verdict of a
coroner's jury in Missouri.

The minister who boasted of
preaching without notes didn't mean
to be understood to refer to green-
backs.

Blackliness.—A negro lately died.
The neighbors said he was a blacka-
mour. We contend that he was not,
but a blacky less.

A bachelor editor, who had a pre-
tly unmarried sister, lately wrote to
another similarly circumstanced,
"Please exchange."

A physician in Muncie, Ill., was
badly injured by the caving in of a
well. He will hereafter attend to
the sick and let the well alone.

"Sir, I will make you feel the ar-
rows of my resentment." "Ah, miss,
why should I feel your arrows, when
you never had a bow?"

A lady who asked her lover if he
would like to see the lambs feed, was
surprised to hear him say he had
rather see her eye brows (e).

"Ah!" yawned a bachelor, "this
world is but a gloomy prison." "To
those in solitary confinement," added
a witty young lady.

An old widow, when her pastor
said to her, "God has not deserted
you in your old age," replied, "No
sir; I have a very good appetite
still."

"It is a very solemn thing to be
married," said Aunt Betsey. "Yes,
but it's a deal more solemn not to be,"
replied Miss Bartlett, a spinster of
forty.

A Kansas paper tells about a man
who attempted to steal a public road
which ran through his farm. One
of the plainest cases of high way ro-
bbery we ever heard of.

The enterprising vagabond who is
organizing a brass band of twenty
women says that, if they learn half
as many "airs" as they put on, the
experiment cannot fail to be a suc-
cess!

An eccentric English milord is re-
ceiving the medieval sport of falceny
in Italy, where, however, many of
his consumptive countrymen have
gone about hawking for some years
past.

Among the saddest episodes in the
late storm in Minnesota according to
a Western paper, was the freezing of
the hands, nose, forehead, everything,
except the cheek of a life insurance
agent.

A Frenchman, soliciting relief of an
English lady, said gravely to his
fair hearer, "Madame, I never beg,
but I have von wife vid several
small family, dat is growing very
large, and needing to make dere
bread out of but de perspiration of
my own eyebrows."

A school teacher asked a new boy,
"Who made the glorious universe?"
But the boy could not tell. So the
teacher got a rawhide and told the
boy if he didn't tell he would whip
him. The boy looked at the whip
and sniveled out, Please, sir, I did
but I won't do it again."

"If I were in California," said a
young fop, in company, the other ev-
ening, "instead of working in the
mines, I would waylay some miner
with a bag of gold, knock out his
brains, gather up his gold and run."
"I think you would do better to gather
up the brains," quietly responded a
young lady.

The latest method of spending the
"honeymoon" is reported from Italy.
An American recently met an old
school fellow whom he had not seen
for years.

"You here?"
"Yes, my dear fellow; I have just
been married, and am come to pass
the honeymoon in Italy."

"And your wife?"
"My wife? Oh! I left her in New
York!"

A New Fairfield man has invented
a torpedo in the shape of a kernel of
corn; it is designed for the beguile-
ment of crows. As soon as that of-
fensive bird takes hold of it, it ex-
plodes and blows the top of its head
off. This affords a cheap and im-
portant recreation for the crow, and
the same does away with a grievous
evil.

1000 cards printed for \$5.50.